A

POEM

ON THE

NUPTIALS

OF

ANNE, Princeſs-Royal

OF

GREAT-BRITAIN,

With his HIGHNESS

FREDERICK, Prince of *Orange*.

DUBLIN:

Printed by S. POWELL,

for EDWARD EXSHAW, at the *Bible* on the *Blind-Key*, near *Cork-Hill*, MDCCXXXIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

A POEM, &c.

THE Gods, one Day, to Heaven's imperial Court,
Jove's dread Commands to execute, re-sort:
Greatly *embarrass'd*, to review the State
Of *mighty* Empires, and *pronounce* their *Fate*,
Discord rose high in each celestial Breast,
For *Each* some diff'rent Country favour'd best.
Juno her *Greeks'* hard Destiny deplores,
Dispers'd like Fugitives o'er distant Shores:
With Grief she sees their *boasted* Fame laid low,
Themselves in Bondage to a * barbarous Foe.
Terrific Mars storms loud for *ravag'd Thrace* †,
Venus laments her conquer'd *Julian* Race,
And *Roman Grandeur* bury'd in *Disgrace*.

* The *Turk*, to whom *Greece* is subject, † *Thrace* is likewise under the *Turk's* Dominion.

Clamor and *Strife* alternately ſucceed,
And *deathleſs* Gods like Mortals diſagreed.
As when fierce *Boreas*, burſting from the Chain
Of *Æolus*, drives *furious* o'er the Main;
Where'er the *rude*, *impetuous* Tempeſt flies,
The troubled Waves in *watry* Mountains riſe,
Daſh on the ſounding *Shore*, and *ſpout up* to the *Skies*.
But *Jove* ſuch *dire* Contention to prevent,
With *awful* Voice thus ſpake his *high* Intent.
The Fates of Mortals *never more* ſhall be
Revers'd, or their due Courſes *chang'd*, by me:
All Nations have their *various* Turns of *Fate*,
Nor will I *ſhorten*, or *prolong* their *Date*.
Then let the *Greeks*, with Patience, bear their *Doom*;
Nor *Romans* longer mourn the *Fall* of *Rome*.
A *Place* there is, by Men, *Britannia* call'd;
On every Side, with the *wide Ocean* wall'd,
No Tyrant, there, with Iron Sceptre *awes*;
The *Prince* himſelf is *ſubject* to the *Laws*.
The *People* hardy, and to War inur'd,
Witneſs their Toils, by *Land* and *Sea* endur'd!
What Nation has not heard of their *Renown*?
Thro' what *wild Deſarts* is their *Fame not blown*?
Grown wiſe by * *Agincourt*, *Poictiers*, *Creſſy*'s Harms,
Gallia turns pale to hear their *dire* Alarms:

Ramillies,

* The *Engliſh*, at theſe Places, gained great Victories over the *French* under *Edward* III. and *Henry* V.

Ramillies, Blenheim, ever ſhall record
The * Foe's *Defeat*, and *Malbro's conquering* Sword.
The proud *Iberian dreading* to conteſt,
With Might *ſuperior*, *veils* his lofty *Creſt*.
Nor do they leſs in *Sciences* excel;
—*Prompt* to obey, as *skill'd* to govern well,
Nor *leſs* their *Piety* deſerves our Praiſe,
Our *Altars* with continual *Incenſe* blaze.
———Say, does a Race ſo *virtuous*, *valiant*, *wiſe*,
Merit our *chief Regard*? *Pallas* replies,
O thou who rul'ſt *Olympus* with a *Nod*!
Well haſt thou *ſpoke*, and *worthy* of the God.
Britons deſerving of thy Cares appear;
Britons, to me, have always been *moſt dear*.
Yet ſhou'd not *Belgia* quite forgotten be,
Much-fam'd for Arms, *and more* for Induſtry.
Belgia, in narrow Limits, too confin'd;
A *little Body* with a *mighty Mind*!
Here *Orange's illuſtrious* Line began;
Here, (a new *Phœnix*!) ſprung the † wond'rous Man,
" Who all his *Hopes* and *Safety* did *expoſe*, "
When with heroic Ardor fir'd, he roſe
Nations *diſtreſs'd* to free from *inborn* Foes.
Here the § young *Prince* his Country's Cares *divides*,
Whoſe *happy* Genius o'er his Years *preſides*: Whoſe

* The *French* defeated by the Duke of *Marlborough* at *Blenheim*, *Ramillies*, and other Places. † King *William* III. § Preſent Prince of *Orange*.

Whoſe *Soul* with ev'ry *Excellence* is fill'd,
With every Science, *to Perfection*, skill'd.
Orange ſhall always my *Protection* claim,
Britain and *Belgia merit* both the ſame:
Then let us *tye* them in a *ſtricter* Band,
And crown with *Union firm* each *happy* Land.
Albion's Great King is with a *Daughter* bleſt,
Who may, *for Form*, with *Venus'* ſelf *conteſt*.
Nor do the *Beauties* of her *Mind* diſgrace
The lovely *Features* of her charming *Face*.
Who may with *Royal ANNA* better pair,
Than he whom * *Great Naſſau* confirm'd his Heir?
Where can the Youth a *brighter Conſort* find?
To whom, *more noble*, can the *Maid* be join'd?
Heroes and Kings, from hence, ſhall *date* their *Birth*,
And fill, with *future Fame*, the wond'ring Earth.
She ceas'd. Each God *approv'd* the Words ſhe ſpake,
And *Jove confirm'd* them by the *Stygian* Lake.
So when this World's wide Structure was began,
Birds, *Beaſts* created were, and laſtly —— Man.
The *mighty Maker* from his Throne ſurvey'd
The *finiſh'd* Work, and, *Be it ſo*, he ſaid.
Hail *happy Pair*! Heaven has decreed the Choice.
Rejoice, undaunted *Britons*, O *rejoice*!
A Prince deſcended from an ancient Line,
A Prince, in whom tranſcendent Virtues ſhine,

Quitting

* King *William* III.

Quitting his native Soil and peaceful Home,
To viſit fair *Britannia*'s Iſle is come:
To join, in laſting Amity, each State,
And make them Arbiters of *Europe*'s *Fate*.
So, by the Gods' Command, *Æneas* bore
His *Fame* and *Fortune* to th' *Italian* Shore;
Eſpous'd the Heireſs of the *Latin* Crown;
Whence ſprang the *Romans* and their *high Renown*.
O born to mighty Things! do not refuſe
The *humble* Tribute of a *tender* Muſe:
Accept, with Candor mild, theſe *youthful* Lays;
Condemn me not, tho' I *deſerve* no *Praiſe*.
Had I th' immortal *Milton*'s *fruitful* Vein;
Cou'd I, like *Dryden*, ſwell the tuneful Strain;
Orange ſhou'd ever dwell upon my Tongue,
Orange ſhou'd be the *Subject* of my *Song*.
Then, from the glorious Fountain wou'd I trace
The meritorious Worthies of thy Race,
" *Devoted Lives to Public Liberty*,
" *The Chief ſtill dying, or the Country free*."
Then ſhou'd the * Victor of the *far-fam'd Boyne*,
Rais'd by my Verſe, in laurell'd Splendor ſhine:
I'd ſing the Virtues of the Royal Chief,
William our Country's Glory and Relief;
William, who *ſav'd* us from th' *expanded* Jaws
Of Tyrant Power and Arbitrary Laws;

" *Struggled*

* King *William* III.

" *Struggled with adverse Winds and Winter Seas,*
" *That in his Labours, we might find our Eaſe.*"
——But, who that Task can after * *Stepney* do?
Who ſnatch the Bays from † *noble Montagn*?
The beſt of Poets, and of Stateſmen too!

Then, ‡ *in thoſe Fields* where *Victory* and *Fate*
On *conqu'ring Churchill's* Arms, *obſequious* wait;
Thy *warlike* Sire *conſpicuous* ſhou'd be ſeen,
" *Like* Jove, *his Grandeur, and, like* Mars *his Mien.*"
——*Eager* he ſtands, and *dreadful* in the Fight,
His high-wav'd Faulchion darts a *gleamy* Light;
And *timorous Gauls* fly, *routed*, at the *Sight*.

But oh! *unequal* to the vaſt *Deſire*,
I want both *Skill*, and the *Poetic* Fire,
Naſſauvian Heroes *greatly* to rehearſe,
And ſing their *Fame*, in *never-dying* Verſe.

So, when the Sun, in full *Meridian* Pride,
Shoots forth his *radiant* Beams on every Side;
The *mortal* Eye that dares, *Preſumptuous*, gaze,
Sinks down *o'erpower'd* with refulgent Blaze.

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* *Stepney* wrote a Poem on King *William's* Voyage to *Holland*. † Late Lord *Hallifax*. He compoſed another on the Victory of the *Boyne*. ‡ *Blenheim*, *Ramillies*, &c.

28 JY 84

FINIS.